

THE BEST Photoplay Department in WASHINGTON

Production of "The Nigger" Is A Big Event In Local Film History.

While there might be a difference of opinion as to the advisability of making a picture from a story that has aroused controversy, or is calculated to arouse controversy of a political, racial, or religious sort, there can be no question but that the production given most pictures of such a character usually excels the work in the ordinary photoplay.

Just as David W. Griffith has marked an epoch in photoplay history with his presentation of "The Birth of a Nation," so the Fox Film Company lays valid claim to unusual technique and scenic ingenuity in the production of "The Nigger," as the film drama made from Edward Sheldon's play, "The Nigger," is called. This play is to be produced at Grandall's the first four days of this week. It was shown at the Hippodrome in New York and attracted widespread attention.

One of the best descriptions of the film is that of George D. Proctor, in the Motion Picture News. Mr. Proctor writes:

"This feature, whether it is called 'The Nigger' or 'The New Governor,' makes no particular difference, deals with two large and elemental problems, the race question and the liquor question, chiefly the race question. The element of politics also enters into the story.

"There you have it. These two problems exist, and that they are not romantic is about all that can be said against them. But they furnish strong food for a story and the plot of 'The Nigger' is a strong one.

"Philip Morrow, played by William Farnum in his usual distinguished manner, is the central figure. Though he does not know it till the exposure by a political enemy, negro blood flows in his veins. In fact he is the son of an enormous chameleon, substituted when the lawful heir of the house of Morrow died in infancy. Only Jimmy, the old colored adult, knew of the substitution.

"Phil, when charged with the duty to save for legal trial a negro hunted for assault. At this starting time Aunt Jimmy inadvertently dropped the clue, later seized by Phil's enemy. When Phil, at the solicitation of his sweetheart, entered politics he became governor. As governor he roused the ire of the power which elevated him. Then came the exposure, Phil's renunciation of his sweetheart and his return to help his own people.

"Many spectacular scenes and much fine acting is shown. The chief parts of the story, as it is handled, are the substitution of the baby, the hunt of the criminal negro, Phil's campaign, whiskey riots, the calling out of the militia, Red militiamen are called out and the big scenes are satisfactory in every respect, justifying the pursuit of the negro and those showing the campaign crowds and excitement.

"Outside of Farnum the most conspicuous are Edna Whistler, who plays the colored grandmother of Phil; Gertrude McCoy, who plays Aunt Jimmy; William W. Cullen, as Phil's enemy; and Henry Armetta, the hunted negro. Claire Whitney plays the sweetheart of Phil.

"This picture, when first assembled, contained several close-up views, accentuating the stronger parts of the film. These and several other scenes have been removed at the request of the National Board of Censors. As it stands in its present form, in which shape it will be presented to the public, it bears the stamp, Passed by the National Board of Censors. True, the story is strong, rather than sentimental, but that's all."

TODAY'S BEST FILMS

By GARDNER MACK.

William Farnum, in "The New Governor," adapted from "The Nigger," by Edward Sheldon (Fox Film Co.), Grandall's, Ninth and E streets.

Maud Gilbert and William Farnum, in "Samson," the modern drama by Henry Bernstein (Fox Film Co.), the Regent, Eighteenth and California streets.

Victor Moore, in "Snobs," from the play by George Branson Howard (Paramount Pictures), the Strand, Ninth and D streets.

Robert Edison, in "Man's Prerogative," from the story by Frank E. Woods (Mutual Master Picture), the Garden, 415 North street.

George Robson, in "The Italian," (Paramount Pictures), the Circle, 2105 Pennsylvania avenue.

Alice Joyce, in "The Face of the Madonna," (Lubin), the Leader, Ninth, between E and F streets.

Gertrude McCoy and Rigelow Cooper, in "The Stroke of Twelve," (Lubin), the Hippodrome, Ninth street and New York avenue.

Herbert Rawlinson, Anna Little, and Frank Worthington, in "The Black Box," by E. Phillips Oppenheim (Universal), the Union, Church, near Fourteenth street.

Charles Oak, in "The Heart-Breaker," (Universal), the Dixie, Eighth and D streets northeast.

"The Quercy Mystery" (Hepworth), the Alhambra, 710 Seventh street.

Signe Aasen and Charles Henry, in "The Forged Testament" (Majestic), the Stanton, Sixth street and Massachusetts avenue northeast.

Teddy Sampson and Frank Bennett, in "Exemplary Sam" (Reelance), the Empire, 915 E street northeast.

Lille Leslie and Joseph Smiley, in "Hated as Enemies" (Lubin), the Olympic, 1431 E street.

Mrs. Leslie Carter, in "The Heart of Maryland" (Ediffay Film Co.), the Casino, 1700 Second street.

Laura Sawyer, in "An Hour Before Dawn" (Famous Players), the Lafayette, E, between Thirteenth and Fourteenth streets.

Note—These selections are made from programs prepared by the managers of the theaters concerned and no responsibility is assumed for arbitrary changes without notice to the Times. They are based on the personality of the players and the production company and not personal inspection, except in special cases.—G. M.

Collegiate Club Players To Give Comedy in May

The Collegiate Club players are rehearsing a comedy for presentation early in May. Earl S. Shuck is in charge of the cast, which will include Miss Ruth Schwartz, Miss Nellie Cohen, Miss Edna Schwartz, John Hays, Morris Shefferman and Jack J. J.

PHOTOPLAYS AND PHOTOPLAYERS

By GARDNER MACK.



VIOLET MERCEREAU.

One of the Universal Leading Women Popular with Audiences at the Alhambra.

BEHIND THE SCREEN

In the forthcoming Frohman Amusement Company production of the Alfred Sutra play, "The Butcher of Bricks," in which Kyrle Bellows starred under the management of Charles Frohman, there will be seen C. Aubrey Smith, who is one of the best known English actors appearing in this country. Mr. Smith will appear in the role played originally by Mr. Bellows.

Stegmull Lubin, head of the Lubin Manufacturing Company, will have a rather unusual honor conferred upon him next week when the dramatic critics of Philadelphia will tender him a dinner in the Hotel Majestic.

Harry Woodruff, Dustin Farnum, H. B. Warner, and Lewis J. Cody, stellar lights in the theatrical world, recently

Children Rescued When Home Burns

Father Braves Fire and Smoke in
Carrying Out Eight Children
and Two Servants.

NEW YORK, April 19.—Groping his way through smoke and flames, Louis J. Levy, real estate operator, rescued his eight children and two servants from a fire in his apartment in 120th street today. After getting the servants out, Levy collapsed. Mr. and Mrs. Levy were on the first floor, when one of their children shouted "fire."

Through smoke and flames he ran to the bedroom and gathered into his arms his three youngest children.

After carrying the babies to Mrs. Levy in the street he went back for the other children. In the meantime the fire had burned through the door to the third floor. Policeman William Hayes met Levy coming out of the house with the last of his eight children clamped in his arms.

Then Levy insisted on helping to save the two servants on the third floor. The fire caused \$500 damage.

No Lid on in New York Despite Sunday Warning

NEW YORK, April 19.—If the Mayor dealers sent out, as reported, to the police to close the city on Sunday, they were doing so in vain, for the city was open to the public today. Sunday warning was given, but it was not heeded. In all parts of the island there was the usual swinging of doors.

The doors were open and orderly. People are going out to see to it that they are not in the way of the police. There is nothing so destructive to the hair as dandruff. It robs the hair of its lustre, its strength, and its very life, eventually producing a feverishness and itching of the scalp, which if not remedied causes the hair roots to shrink.

To Honor Memory of Eliphalet F. Andrews

To arrange for some suitable manifestation of their appreciation of the work of the late Eliphalet F. Andrews, organizer and first instructor in the Corcoran School of Art, forty former pupils of Mr. Andrews will meet in the school, Seventeenth street, at 10 o'clock, Friday evening. Those interested in the movement include a number of Washington artists.

All students and former students of the school are invited to attend.

Beautify the Complexion IN TEN DAYS Nadinola CREAM

The unequalled Beautifier USED AND ENDORSED BY THOUSANDS Guaranteed to remove tan, freckles, pimples, liver spots, etc. Extreme cases about twenty days. Leaves the skin clear, soft, healthy. Two six and \$100. By toll-free counters or mail. NATIONAL TOILET COMPANY, Paris, Tenn.

THE BLACK BOX

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

(Continued from Yesterday.)

(Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.)

Sanford Quest, master criminologist of the world, finds that in bringing to justice MacDougal, the murderer of Lord Ashleigh's daughter, he has but just begun a life-and-death struggle with a mysterious master criminal. In a hidden hut in Professor Ashleigh's garden he has seen an anthropoid ape, a skeleton and a living inhuman creature, half monkey, half man, destroyed by fire. In his room have appeared from nowhere black boxes, one containing diamonds torn from a lovely throat by a pair of ruthless, threatening hands, both with arrogant, threatening notes signed by the inscrutable hands. After his return from finding the body of MacDougal, who had escaped on his way to prison, he is arrested for the murder of his valet, Rex Brown, and a Miss Quigg, in his room. Laura and Lenora, his daughters, suspect Craig, the professor's valet, trap Craig and rescue quest from the Tomb to hypnotize Craig into confession, but when quest awakes he finds that Craig and Lenora have both disappeared. He deduces Police Inspector French, who has discovered his escape.

CHAPTER XV. (Continued.)

Inspector French was as good, even better than his word. In an surprising short time he entered the room, followed by Laura and Lenora. Quest gave them a hand each, but it was into Lenora's eyes that he looked. Her coming, her few words of greeting, thrilled though they were, brought him an immense sense of relief.

"Well, girls," he said, "both full of adventures, eh? What did they do to you in the Tomb, Laura?"

"Tomb? What could they do?" Laura replied. "If they're guys enough to be tried, the best thing they can do is to keep mum about it and let her go. That's about what they did to me."

Inspector French, who was standing a little aloof, regarded Laura with an air of unwilling admiration.

"That's some girl, that Miss Laura," he muttered in an undertone to Quest.

"I mustn't stop to hear your story, Lenora," Quest said. "You're safe—that's the great thing."

"Found her in an empty house," French continued, "out of my way. Now, Mr. Quest, I don't want to come the official over you too much, but if you'll kindly remember that you're an escaped prisoner—"

There was a knock at the door. A young man entered in chauffeur's livery, with his head and shoulders bandaged. Quest motioned him to come in.

"I'll just repeat my story of that morning," French Quest said. "We went out to find MacDougal, and I was starting for home those two things set upon me. You know how I made my escape. They were in my automobile, and I sold it in Bethel. I arrested them there myself this morning. Here's the check, as I'll have out what I say, also that they arrived at the place in my automobile."

"That's the sheriff's marmoset," French continued, "out of my way. There's my chauffeur. He knows exactly what time it was when the fire of my car went out, just as we were starting for New York."

"It was 11:30, sir," the chauffeur declared. "Mr. Quest and I both took our watches to see if we could make New York by midday. They were of those fellows hit me over the head, and I've been laid up ever since. A man who keeps a store a little way along the road picked me up and looked after me."

Inspector French held out his hand. "Mr. Quest, said, 'action will have to withdraw the case against you. No hard feeling, I hope.'"

"That's all right, then," French declared. "I've brought two more men with me. Perhaps Mr. Sheriff, you wouldn't mind escorting your prisoners round to headquarters? I'll be there before long."

"And you girls," Quest insisted, "go right to your room and rest. I'll come upstairs presently and have a talk with you after that, Laura," he added, glancing a little anxiously at Lenora. "She has had about as much as she can bear, I think."

The girls left the room. Quest stood upon the threshold watching the sheriff and his prisoners leave the house. The former turned round to wave his adieu.

"There's an elderly guy out here," he shouted, "seems to want to come in." Quest leaned forward and saw the professor.

The professor promptly made his appearance. His coat was all brushed and soiled, but he was wearing a tweed cap, which had seen better days. His expression was almost pathetic.

"My dear Quest," he exclaimed, as he swung his hand, "my heartiest congratulations! As you know, I always believed your innocence. I am delighted that it has been proved."

"Come in and sit down," Mr. Ashleigh. Quest invited. "You know the Inspector."

The professor shook hands with French, and then, feeling that his appearance required some explanation, he

took off his cap and looked at it ruefully.

"I am aware," he said, "that this is not a becoming headgear, but I am lost absolutely lost without my servant. If you would earn my undying gratitude, Mr. Quest, you would clear up the mystery about Craig and restore him to me."

Quest was helping the inspector to whisk at the sideboard. He paused to light a cigarette and the professor observed, "that you will never have Craig back again."

The professor sank wearily into an easy chair.

"I will take a little whisky and one of your excellent cigars, Quest," he said. "I must ask you to bear with me if I seem upset. After more than twenty years' service from one whom I have always treated as a friend like a sudden separation, to a man of my age, is somewhat trying. My small concerns of my everyday life is completely upset. I do not allude, as you perceive, Mr. Quest, to the horrible suppositions you seem to have formed of Craig."

"All the same," the inspector remarked, thoughtfully, "some one who is still at large committed those murders and stole those jewels. What is your theory about the jewels, Mr. Quest?"

"I haven't had time to frame one yet," the criminologist replied. "You've been keeping me too busy looking after myself. However," he added, "it's time something was done."

He took a magnifying glass from his pocket and examined very closely the whole front of the safe.

"No sign of finger marks," he muttered. "The person who opened it probably wore gloves."

"He fitted the combination and swung open the door. He looked there for a moment speechless. Something in his attitude attracted the inspector's attention.

"What is it, Mr. Quest?" he asked sharply.

Quest drew a little breath. Exactly facing him, in the spot where the jewels had been, was a small black box. He brought it to the table and removed the lid. Inside was a sheet of paper which he quickly unfolded. They all three read the few lines together:

"Fitted against the inherited sunning of ages, you have no chance. Look in the right-hand corner of your desk."

Underneath appeared the signature of the "Hansom" model, which he dream to his cabinet and pulled open the right-hand drawer. He turned round and faced the other two men. In his hand was Mrs. Rheinhold's necklace!

The next installment of THE BLACK BOX will appear in The Times next Sunday.

Two Girls Aid Hold-up Men Who Rob Editor

NEW YORK, April 19.—Attilio Frittelli, twenty-eight, editor of an Italian newspaper here, was beaten and robbed of \$12 in bills, a diamond stickpin and a set of gold cuff links on the sidewalk at Sixth avenue and Twenty-fourth street by five hold-up men, who were assisted by two girl companions. The girls acted as lookouts.

Frittelli says that he had worked late in the newspaper office and was on his way home when he was seized by the thieves. When he regained consciousness he crawled about a block and fell at the feet of patrolman John Crosby. Crosby summoned an ambulance from New York hospital.

Quickly Relieves Without Distress

The congestion of waste and refuse from the stomach, fermenting in the bowels, generates poisonous gases that occasion distress and invite serious illness. Health and comfort demand that this congestion be speedily relieved and the foul mass expelled.

The well-founded objection most people have to the violence of cathartic and purgative agents is overcome by using the combination of simple laxative herbs with pepsin that is sold in drug stores under the name of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. A dose at night brings relief next morning, without discomfort or inconvenience. A free trial bottle can be obtained by writing to Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 432 Washington St., Monticello, Ills.

ALMOST CRAZY WITH ITCHING AND BURNING

Seattle, Wash., Jan. 26, 1915.—"My face and body were a solid mass of little sores which itched and burned me so badly that I almost went crazy. They started in the form of little pimples which opened and formed sores. I could not sleep at night and at work if I became overheated it would itch something terrible. I used all kinds of ointments and prescriptions that did me no good. I had this skin trouble for a year or more before I used Resinol. As soon as I started using Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap the itching and burning stopped at once, and in five weeks my face and body were as clear and soft as could be. I used only two jars of Resinol Ointment and three cakes of Resinol Soap."

"A friend of mine had a bad case of skin trouble. His face was broken out so badly he was ashamed to go out on the street. I told him to use Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap and in four weeks he was all well and one could not tell he ever had a pimple or sore on his face." (Signed) August E. Mills, 236 Elliot Ave., Everett, druggist and Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap. For trial free, write to Dept. 16-R, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

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ROUND TRIP
New York
SUNDAYS
April 25 and May 23
SPECIAL TRAIN LEAVES
Washington (Saturday midnight)
12:15 A. M.
RETURNING LEAVES
Pennsylvania Station, New York
City, 5:30 P. M.
Consult Ticket Agents
Pennsylvania R. R.

Girl Cleans Up \$100,000 On Bethlehem Advance

NEW YORK, April 19.—Miss Gertrude McCaffrey is showing her friends a check for \$100,000, which she says represents her profits on Bethlehem Steel during the last month.

Her friends are calling her "the little plunger." She says that any girl who has a little nerve can make money in Wall Street, although she must study the market of course.

Miss McCaffrey explained that she had been speculating in a small way for a number of years. Six weeks ago, she said, she obtained some inside information on Bethlehem Steel and got together \$10,000. She told her broker, for when the stock was at 98. As it went up one eighth more, then she ordered her broker to sell when the stock was at 135, but he couldn't carry out her orders before it had gone up to 136.

She said last night that the \$100,000 would not turn her head. She would keep on speculating, she said, but would be cautious.

Musical for Blind.

A musical for the blind will be given tonight in Pavilion 7 of the Library of Congress. The program will be given by the Schumann Concert Company, assisted by Miss Bessie L. Duffy, pianist, and Miss De Vere Whitton, reader.

Schlitz in Brown Bottles is Nourishing

Its malt is food; its hops, tonic. It invigorates, soothes, and cleanses the system.

It's all healthfulness, and its purity is protected until it is poured into your glass,

Sparkling and Clear as Crystal

The Brown Bottle keeps out the light, which the light bottle fails to do.

Light starts decay even in pure beer. It is not enough to make pure beer, it must be kept pure.

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The Beer
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SAVE YOUR HAIR! IF IT IS FALLING OR FULL OF DANDRUFF—25 CENT DANDERINE

Ladies! Men! Here's the
quickest, surest dandruff
cure known.

Thin, brittle, colorless and scraggy hair is sure evidence of a neglected scalp, of dandruff and itching. There is nothing so destructive to the hair as dandruff. It robs the hair of its lustre, its strength, and its very life, eventually producing a feverishness and itching of the scalp, which if not remedied causes the hair roots to shrink.

BUYING COAL and SAVING MONEY

Usual reduction in price of Anthracite Coal for April delivery is now in effect. These reduced prices carry the same standard of service and quality of coal. You may be paying too much or too little for the coal you burn; in either case you are losing money. Let our experts advise you. They may effect quite a saving for you.

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